

PUBLISHED THURSDAY MORNING,
By RUSSELL EATON.
Office over Granite Bank, Water St., Augusta.
EZEKIEL HOLMES, Editor.
Terms.—One dollar and seventy-five cents per annum,
if paid in advance; two dollars, if paid within the year;
two dollars and fifty cents, if payment is delayed beyond
the year. Single copies, four cents.
Any person who will obtain six good subscribers
shall be entitled to a seventh copy for one year.
Advertisements inserted at the usual rates.

AUTHORIZED AGENTS.
JOSEPH S. PAGE, TRAVELING AGENT.
C. B. BISHOP, Winthrop. J. E. ROLFE, Rumford.
THOS. FRYE, Vassalboro'. J. P. EMMERSON, Mercer.
W. M. HATCH, W. Waterville. J. BLAKE, North Turner.
M. FARRINGTON, Lovell. TRUX & HATFIELD, Bangor.
D. DUDLEY, Arundel. A. S. FRENCH, Dexter.
M. MITCHELL, E. Dover. D. G. ROBINSON, N. York. S. L. ADAMS, Bowdoin.
H. B. STOLTE, Farmington. D. INGRAM, Farmington.



Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man.

LESSONS FROM EXPERIENCE.

NUMBER I.

To the Editor of the Maine Farmer:

DEAR SIR—I am, as you will perceive, neither dead nor asleep, though so long quiet. The truth of the case is, I have been in a real quandary whether it was best for me to trouble the public any more with facts or arguments from my pen. For such appears to be the public taste in literary matters, that nothing but a "snap and a flash" will gratify it; and my experience teaches me that with respect to the subject on which my studies have been mainly employed for a number of years, I can never benefit the public by gratifying its taste. The subject embraces an almost unlimited field of enquiry. There may be indeed, among the many readers of your paper, some few plodding souls like mine, who are stupid enough to read and ponder over a long array of facts and arguments, for the sake of learning some important truth. But experience teaches me the result sought for can never be obtained in a summary way. You might as well attempt to raise by involution any one of the unit figures above one to its fiftieth power, by stopping at the twenty-fifth power of multiplication. Such is the number of agencies which nature employs in the process of decomposition and organization of vegetable matter; and the contingencies which modify these agencies, and hence affect the result of these agencies, are so numerous, that we are lost in the pursuit of truth. I have, however, concluded to make one more attempt to give the facts and reasoning which have induced me to arrive at certain conclusions respecting some of the most important developments of the agencies above referred to. And I am well aware I commence under most inauspicious circumstances to obtain a candid hearing. While the posse of scientific writers and men of the greatest experience, with all the aids which wealth and daily access to all those fountains of intelligence which flow from the periodical press, are lost in the fogs of ages, it seems incredible that a poor wight up here in the back woods, and with a library like a beggar's wardrobe, scanty enough, to which add poverty and the load of daily care and labor, which, like an incubus, chains down the mind in its aspirations, it would indeed seem almost a miracle should I succeed, even to obtain the hearing I desire. Yes, the hearing I desire; for should I obtain but a slight attention I can do no good.

With these prefatory remarks, I will proceed to give a concise view of the results to which my experience has brought me with respect to the effects which are produced by and during the decomposition of organized vegetable matter or living plants; and then, of life and health, permit me to give the facts and inferences on which these opinions are founded.

First, I maintain that the disease in potatoes, called the potato rot, is no new thing under the sun, even here in Maine.

Second, I maintain that the disease commonly called rust in grain, is produced by, essentially, the same cause as the rot in potatoes.

Third, I maintain that the first moving cause of both the blight in grain and the rot in potatoes, is generally (not always) produced by poisonous gases in contact with the roots of grain and the tubers of potatoes.

Fourth, I maintain that these poisonous gases produce very different results on grain and potatoes in different stages of their growth. In grain, if very strong, it sometimes, while growing, corrodes, and in extreme cases, even destroys the roots, so that the grain falls down and never matures. In other instances, where the poison is weaker, it simply corrodes the roots so that the vital powers of the plant throw out new roots to supply the defect occasioned by the diseased state of those before formed; but after the stalk and leaves of the plant have done growing, its existence affects the formation of the berry. In potatoes, the different constitution of the plant modifies its result. Growing potatoes do not tiller like grain; nor am I aware that they send out a new stock of fibrous roots; but they very frequently curl their leaves, and suffer from rust as grain does; yet if these poisonous gases do not come in contact with the tubers in sufficient strength, the rot cannot take place. And the reason why potatoes are seldom attacked with this disease is simply this, that these poisonous gases are eliminated too early in the season to affect the tubers further than to give them a strong taste and a rank smell when boiled; the poison being dissipated or weakened by various causes.

Fifth, Potatoes, like Indian corn, will bear a stronger dose of this poison than grain; hence the disease rarely assumes its most destructive form in potatoes.

Sixth, I maintain that almost all the fruits and grasses cultivated by man are more or less affected by this poison; and that a perfect understanding of its nature and effects is one of the highest importance to the community.

Peru, March, 1846. J. H. JENNE.

NOTE. We are glad to welcome our veteran correspondent again. He has rested himself and comes out as good as new. [Ed.]

CURE FOR DIARRHOEA. A certain cure for this complaint is found in rice water. Boil the rice, take the water, make it palatable with salt, and drink it copiously while warm. We never knew this to fail. [Albany Cultivator.]

MAINE FARMER.

A Family Paper; Devoted to Agriculture, Mechanic Arts, General Intelligence, &c.

VOL. XIV.

AUGUSTA, THURSDAY, APRIL 16, 1846.

NO. 16.

KENNEBEC CO. AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

The Trustees of the Kennebec County Agricultural Society offer the following list of premiums for 1846.

ON STOCK.

HORSES.

For the best Stallion, Diploma.

" second do. \$5 00

" best 3 years old do. Diploma.

" second do. 3 00

" best 2 years old do. Diploma.

" best Breeding Mare, Diploma.

" second do. 4 00

" best pair Matched Horses, Dip.

" second do. 4 00

" best Bull, Diploma.

" second do. 4 00

" best 2 years old do. Diploma.

" second do. 3 00

" best 1 year old do. Diploma.

" best Bull Calf, Diploma.

" best Cow, Diploma.

" second do. 3 00

" best 2 years old Heifer, Diploma.

" second do. 2 00

" best 1 year old do. Diploma.

" best Heifer Calf, Diploma.

" second do. 4 00

" best Bull, Diploma.

" second do. 4 00

" best 2 years old do. Diploma.

" second do. 3 00

" best 1 year old do. Diploma.

" best Heifer Calf, Diploma.

" second do. 3 00

" best Bull, Diploma.

" second do. 3 00

" best 2 years old do. Diploma.

" second do. 2 00

" best 1 year old do. Diploma.

" best Bull Calf, Diploma.

" second do. 1 00

" best Cow, Diploma.

" second do. 3 00

" best 2 years old Heifer, Diploma.

" second do. 2 00

" best 1 year old do. Diploma.

" best Heifer Calf, Diploma.

" second do. 1 00

" best Bull, Diploma.

" second do. 3 00

" best 2 years old do. Diploma.

" second do. 2 00

" best 1 year old do. Diploma.

" best Cow, Diploma.

" second do. 3 00

" best 2 years old Heifer, Diploma.

" second do. 2 00

" best 1 year old do. Diploma.

" best Heifer Calf, Diploma.

" second do. 1 00

" best Bull, Diploma.

" second do. 3 00

" best 2 years old do. Diploma.

" second do. 2 00

" best 1 year old do. Diploma.

" best Cow, Diploma.

" second do. 3 00

" best 2 years old Heifer, Diploma.

" second do. 2 00

" best 1 year old do. Diploma.

" best Heifer Calf, Diploma.

" second do. 1 00

" best Bull, Diploma.

" second do. 3 00

" best 2 years old do. Diploma.

" second do. 2 00

" best 1 year old do. Diploma.

" best Cow, Diploma.

" second do. 3 00

" best 2 years old Heifer, Diploma.

" second do. 2 00

" best 1 year old do. Diploma.

" best Heifer Calf, Diploma.

" second do. 1 00

" best Bull, Diploma.

" second do. 3 00

" best 2 years old do. Diploma.

" second do. 2 00

" best 1 year old do. Diploma.

" best Cow, Diploma.

" second do. 3 00

" best 2 years old Heifer, Diploma.

" second do. 2 00

" best 1 year old do. Diploma.

" best Heifer Calf, Diploma.

" second do. 1 00

" best Bull, Diploma.

" second do. 3 00

" best 2 years old do. Diploma.

" second do. 2 00

" best 1 year old do. Diploma.

" best Cow, Diploma.

" second do. 3 00

" best 2 years old Heifer, Diploma.

" second do. 2 00

" best 1 year old do. Diploma.

" best Heifer Calf, Diploma.

" second do. 1 00

" best Bull, Diploma.

" second do. 3 00

" third do. Vol. Maine Farmer or

" Cultivator.

" best Breeding Sow, Diploma.

" second do. 2 00

" best Litter of Pigs, six in number

" and not over six months old, Dip.

" second do. 2 00

" third do. Vol. Maine Farmer or

" Cultivator.

" best lot Dorking Fowls, not less

" than ten, Diploma.

" second do. 2 00

" best Polands or Top Knots, Dip.

" second do. 2 00

" best pair Bremen Geese, Dip.

" second do. 1 00

" best pair Common do. Diploma.

" second do. 1 00

" best pair Turkeys, Diploma.

" second do. 1 00

" best and greatest variety of Fowls

" from any farm, Diploma and Vol.

" Maine Farmer or Cultivator.

" best acre of Wheat, Diploma.

" second do. 4 00

" best acre of Corn, Diploma.

" second do. 3 00

" best 4 pairs Worsted Hose, Dip.

" second do. 1 00

" best 1-2 doz. pairs Men's Woolen

" Half Hose, Diploma.

" second do. 75

" best Highland Shawl, Diploma.

" second do. 1 00

" best Fur Cape, Diploma.

" second do. 50

" best Substitute for Fur Cape, Dip.

" second do. 50

" best Bed Spread, Diploma.

" second do. 1 00

" best Worsted Yarn, Diploma.

" second do. 75

" best Sewing Silk, Diploma.

" second do. 75

" best Wove Silk, Diploma.

" second do. 1 00

" best Silk Hose or Gloves, Dip.

" second do. 75

" best Work Pocket, Diploma.

" second do. 50

" best Wrought Wristlets, Dip.

" second do. 50

" best Knit Edging, Diploma.

" second do. 50

" greatest quantity of Maple, or other

" Sugar made in the county, with

" a written statement of the process

" of manufacturing, Diploma.

" second do. Vol. Maine Farmer or

" Cultivator.

" best 1 Horse Farm Wagon, Dip.

" second do. 2 00

" best 1-2 doz. Tanned Calf Skins,

" Diploma.

" second do. 1 00

" best Sleigh or Wagon Harness,

" Diploma.

" second do. 2 00

" best 1-2 dozen pairs Men's Thick

" Boots, Diploma.

" second do. 1 00

" best 1-2 doz. pairs Thin do. Dip.

" second do. 1 50

" best 1-2 doz. prs. Lady's Walking

" Shoes, Diploma.

" second do. 1 00

" best 1-2 doz. Kid Slippers, Dip.

" second do. 1 00

" best Window Sash, 12 Lights, Dip.

" second do. 1 00

" best Pannel Doors, Dip.

" second do. 1 00

" best specimen Cabinet Work, Dip.

" second do. 2 00

" best quantity of Maple, or other

" Sugar made in the county, with

" a written statement of the process

" of manufacturing, Diploma.

" second do. Vol. Maine Farmer or

" Cultivator.

" best 1 Horse Farm Wagon, Dip.

" second do. 2 00

" best 1-2 doz. Tanned Calf Skins,

" Diploma.

" second do. 1 00

" best Sleigh or Wagon Harness,

" Diploma.

" second do. 2 00

" best 1-2 dozen pairs Men's Thick

" Boots, Diploma.

" second do. 1 00

" best 1-2 doz. pairs Thin do. Dip.

" second do. 1 50

" best 1-2 doz. prs. Lady's Walking

" Shoes, Diploma.

" second do. 1 00

" best 1-2 doz. Kid Slippers, Dip.

" second do. 1 00

" best Window Sash, 12 Lights, Dip.

" second do. 1 00

" best Pannel Doors, Dip.

" second do. 1 00

" best specimen Cabinet Work, Dip.

" second do. 2 00

" best quantity of Maple, or other

" Sugar made in the county, with

" a written statement of the process

" of manufacturing, Diploma.

" second do., Silver Butter Knife.

" third do. 2 00

" fourth do. Vol. Maine Farmer or

" Cultivator.

" best Cheese, 50 lbs., Diploma.

" second do. 3 00

" third do. Vol. Maine Farmer or

" Cultivator.

" Written statements of the manner of making

" Butter and Cheese, will be required.

" For the best Filled Cloth, 10 yards Dip.

" second do. 1 50

" third do. 1 00

" best piece Frocking, 10 yds. stripe

" 3 and 2, Diploma.

" second do. 1 50

" third do. 1 00

" best Woolen Flannel, 10 yds. Dip.

" second do. 1 00

" best Cotton and Wool, Diploma.

" second do. 1 00

" best Woolen Carpeting, 2 yards,

" Diploma.

" second do. 2 00

Sabbath Reading.

THE FAMILY BIBLE.

How painfully pleasing the fond recollection
Of youthful connections and innocent joy,
When, blest with parental advice and affection,
Surrounded with mercies, with peace from on high,
I still view the chair of my sire and my mother,
The seats of their offspring as ranged on each hand,
And that richest of books, which excelled every other,
That family Bible, that lay on the stand.

That Bible, the volume of God's inspiration,
At morn and at evening, could yield us delight,
And the prayer of our sire was a sweet invocation
For mercy by day, and for safety through night.
Our hymns of thanksgiving, with harmony swelling,
All warm from the heart of a family band,
Half raised us from earth to that rapturous dwelling,
Described in the Bible, that lay on the stand.

Ye scenes of tranquility, long have we parted!
My home's almost gone, no my parents more;
In sorrow and sadness I live broken-hearted,
And wander unknown on a far distant shore.
Yet how can I doubt a dear Saviour's protection,
Forgetful of gifts from his bountiful hand!
O! let me with patience receive his correction,
And think of the Bible, that lay on the stand.

RELIGION.

Like snow that falls where waters glide,
Earth's pleasures melt away;
They rest in time's restles tide,
And cold are, while they stay;
But joys that from religion flow,
Like stars that gild the night,
Amid the darkest gloom of woe,
Shine forth with sweetest light.

Religion's ray no clouds obscure,
It sheds a radiant calm and pure,
Though tempests round him roll,
His heart may break with sorrow's stroke,
But to its latest thrill,
Like diamonds shining when they're broke,
That ray will light it still!

"The Bible, the Bible only,"
says the immortal Chillingworth, "is the religion
of protestants. For my part, after a long
sad, and I verily believe and hope, impartial
search of the true way to eternal happiness, do
profess plainly that I cannot find any rest for
the sole of my foot upon this rock only. This
therefore, and this only I have reason to believe;
this I will profess; according to this I will live,
and for this if there be occasion, I will, not only
willingly, but even gladly lose my life, though I
should be sorry that Christians should take it
from me. I will take no man's liberty of judgment
from him; neither shall any man take mine
from me. I will think no man the worse man,
or the worse Christian; I will love no man the
less for differing in opinion from me. And what
measure I mete to others, I expect from them
again. I am fully assured that God does not,
and therefore that man ought not to require any
more of any man than this, to believe the scripture
to be God's word, to endeavor to find the
true sense of it, and to live according to it."

CHRISTIAN HOME. "O! great, unspeakable,
is the blessedness of a godly home! here is the
cradle of the Christian; hence he sallies forth
for the encounter with the world, armed at all
points, disciplined in all the means of resistance,
and full of hope of victory under his Heavenly
Leader. Hither he ever afterwards turns a
dutiful and affectionate look, regarding it as the
type and pledge of another home; hither, too,
when sore wounded in that conflict, he resorts
to repair his drooping vigor; here, when abandoned
by the selfish sons of this world, he finds, as
in a sanctuary, the children of God ready
with open arms to receive him; and here the
returning prodigal, folded in the embrace of those
who know not, dream not, of the impurities of
the world with which he has been mixing, feels
at once his heart burn with shame and repentance.
Merciful God, what a city of refuge hast thou
ordained in the Christian home!" [Rector
of Valehead.]

THE VOICE. Voice is one of the striking
evidences of the Creator's power. How wonderful
it is that so many millions of persons should
exist, and no one voice should exactly resemble
another. To our finite ideas it appears reason-
able that the same organs should produce the
same sound; it is thus in other animals—in birds
and in music; but for man's convenience and in-
crease of pleasure, it is otherwise; the great
and beneficent Creator, in his labor for our comfort
and happiness, has not overlooked the sound of
a voice. Of all the variations of which the hu-
man voice is capable, perhaps it is never so
grateful to the ear as when venting itself in sym-
pathy. The utterance of gratitude is pleasing
when we may have been so happy as to have it
in our power to confer a favor on another, but
from it we would oft times escape; the tone of
gladness may intrude in our melancholy mo-
ments, and increase, instead of lighten, our sor-
rows; the voice of praise may even pain, for we
fear it to be flattery, or feel it to be undesired.
The utterance of pity may wound where it
intended to heal, but that of sympathy must
make its way to the heart. There is something
in nature which seeks a corresponding feeling,
let that be either of joy or woe.

There is no mental or bodily state of man
to which Providence has not awarded its peculiar
consolations. The deformed have generally at-
tached to them some beauty on which they pride
themselves; or, if they feel too sensitively their
difference from their more perfectly formed
brethren, they have a mental satisfaction when
comparing their intellectual qualifications with
many of their fellow beings; whilst the last stage
of human deficiency—the idiot—is happily
ignorant of those wants that make him an ob-
ject of pity to the world.

If we look back upon our past lives, it will
generally be found that the leading events which
gave a direction to all that followed, were not
according to our own choice or knowledge, but
from the hand of an overruling Providence,
which acts without consulting us, putting us in
to situations which are either best for ourselves
or best for the world, or best for both; and lead-
ing us as it led the patriarch, Abraham, of
whom we are told that he "knew not whither
he was going."

Prayers gone through as a task can be of
no value, and can find no acceptance in the sight
of God. And as St. Paul said, that "if he gave
all his goods to feed the poor, and had not char-
ity, he was nothing;" so the greatest profusion
of almsgiving, when done in a mercenary way,
to buy off and purchase a pardon, is the turning
of God's house from being a house of prayer to
be a den of thieves.

Let us cease to complain of heathen idolatry
until we cease to be chargeable with the same
idolatry. Does not society teem with that lowest
idolatry, mammon worship? And do not men
continually offer sacrifice before the shrine of
an idol—self.

"Some Christians at a glance seem to be of a
superior order, but yet are not. At a festive
feast, the other day, a certain flower was deter-
mined to bear off the bell, but it lacked one qual-
ity. It was an artificial flower—it wanted
growth." [JOHN NEWTON.]

"The least spark of grace in the new-born
heart, is glory begun, and all the figures which
ever man made, were they placed in a line, with
worlds for units, could not express the ten thou-
sandth part of its value." [DR. PAYSON.]

A beautiful sentiment is the following by
the celebrated Logan:—"Over all the moments
of life, religion scatters her favors, but reserves
her best, her choicest, her divinest blessings, for
the last hour."

It was a saying of a great divine, that he had
found more good in bad people, and more bad
in good people, than he ever expected.

THE MAINE FARMER.

AUGUSTA, THURSDAY, APRIL 16, 1846.

Probate Notices. Those of our friends who have
Probate Notices to publish, and would like to have them
appear in the Farmer, which circulates extensively in the
County of Kennebec, have only to signify the wish to the
Judge of Probate.

Job Work. of all kinds, as neatly executed, and on as
reasonable terms, at the Farmer Office, as at any estab-
lishment in the State. Fancy jobs printed with all the
different colored inks.

SUBSOIL PLOWING.

We suppose that you have got your plows in
order and will soon drive them "afield" in full
blast. But have you a subsoil plow? We recom-
mend that experiments be tried faithfully with
this implement. We think that we have derived
advantage from its use, although the soil where
we used it was naturally light and porous, and
there was no hard pan beneath.

Some may ask, what is the use of stirring the
soil so deep? Much, every way. If the soil be
shallow and a hard tough pan below which holds
the water, it will break it up and give it a chance
to sink down lower. It will also have a tenden-
cy to make a deeper soil. The plants of the
vegetable growing will have more scope and a
chance to plunge deeper than they otherwise
would. Some think that roots will not plunge
very deep. We have traced grass roots in a light
loamy soil, down to the depth of three feet, and
the roots of Indian corn down to four feet deep.

Indian corn has an abundance of roots, and they
plunge deep and in all directions. Mr. Skinner,
in his statement of the amount of roots to a single
stalk of the large Southern corn, which he
presented to the National Gallery, at Washing-
ton, says that it measured on an estimate 8000
feet of roots when it had been growing but two
months. Is it not necessary to have the ground
deeply broke and well pulverised, for a crop
which has such a mass of roots to send out for
nourishment? Even if we suppose that our
smaller species of corn shall have not more than
one quarter that amount of roots, it proves that
we need a deep and well-worked soil for them.
Try the subsoil plow.

THE GRAND CONFIDENCE.

Several years ago, when the banks suspended
specie payments, a gentleman while paying some
money to a Frenchman gave him two bills; one
of them was worn and tattered, and the other
new and elegant in its appearance. The French-
man examined them both very attentively, and
after deciphering the inscriptions, returned the
handsome one to the gentleman, with a shrug of
the shoulders, observing at the same time, *Sais-
dis bee one ver elegant bill, but, sair, it has
not the grand confidence, and I cannot take it.*

There is a good deal of meaning to
this remark of the Frenchman. After all, it is
the grand confidence which makes every thing
valuable, or rather the qualities which ensure
confidence. As it regarded intrinsic value, one
piece of paper was as good as the other, or, per-
haps, the newest and strongest piece might be
the most valuable; but in regard to the factious
value, the one which carried on its face the
indisputable evidence that the value which it was
put forth to represent, could actually be found
and realized at the source from which it eman-
ated, gave it the grand confidence, and it was,
of course, gladly accepted, while the gay one
was dismissed.

Is it not so with every thing? Is it not the
grand confidence, or, in other words, truth that
gives to every thing its value. Every one,
especially the young who are forming characters,
should remember this, and practice in all their
doings and operations upon this principle, "Be
what you seem to be." Let truth be character-
istic of your words, your looks and your deeds,
and you will have the satisfaction of not only
obtaining, but of retaining and enjoying the
grand confidence of all who know you, and of
being appreciated at your real value. Many
forfeit this confidence of their fellow men, some
through a real lack of moral principle, some
through a thoughtlessness, and some through
ignorance. Sometimes it is lost temporarily in
consequence of the slanders and base insinua-
tions of the malicious; but in such cases a perse-
verance in a course of rectitude will eventually
set every thing right. If there be really truth at
the bottom, slanders may obscure it for a time—
may throw it in the shade, but it will ultimately
triumph.

ANOTHER STEAM ENGINE. We took a peep
the other day, into friend Haskell's shop, in the
brick block a little south of the Kennebec Hotel,
on Water street. He and his brother have been
fitting up a steam engine, for the purpose of
planing, tonguing and grooving boards, and for
other purposes. Their engine is the vibrating
kind. That is, the steam chamber and piston
rod swing back and forward as the crank re-
volves, one end of the piston rod being attached
directly to the crank, and the steam is thus made
to push uniformly, or is designed to, on the
crank, with a view of gaining some advantage
over the "dead point" in the revolution.

It appeared to work first rate, and the way the
shavings flew, as the boards walked through the
machine, was a caution to a halt storm. We
hope the Messrs. Haskell will meet with good
encouragement by way of reward for their en-
terprise. If you have any boards that want
sticking, bring 'em on.

CONCERT. We understand that Mr. Barne-
key, favorably known here for the last two or
three years as a successful teacher on the Piano
Forte and Guitar, is to have a Concert this
(Wednesday) evening, at Weeks' Hall. His
well known musical attainments are alone suffi-
cient to justify the expectation that it will be a
good one; but when the talent of those who
have volunteered to assist him on this occasion
is considered, there can be no doubt that it will
be one of the best ever given in this place. Mr.
Barnekey, by introducing the compositions of
the German and Italian Masters, and by his in-
imitable manner of playing them, has contributed
greatly towards purifying and elevating the taste
for music in this vicinity, and it is hoped that his
merit will not go unrewarded.

SOMNAMBULISM. Since the acquittal of Tir-
rell, somnambulism is looking up. A corres-
pondent of the N. Y. Herald tells a story of an
old offender by the name of Hall, who was
nabbed in a store, with a dark lantern and other
tools of the trade. In the morning he plead
somnambulism. He must have been walking in
his sleep, for he solemnly averred that he had
no recollection of any thing after he went to bed
until he found himself in the watch house in the
morning. The disease is increasing, and seems
to be particularly contagious among rascals.

Premature Summer in France. The French
papers speak of the weather as being extremely
mild throughout the kingdom. At Paris the 25th
Feb., swimmers indulged in their favorite divi-
sion in the open river. In the South of France,
the plum and cherry trees were in full bloom,
and the date, the traffic in violets was as active
as usual in the month of May; the sale of this
flower being estimated at 2000 francs per day.

PENMANSHIP—MR. PERLEY'S SCHOOL.

Among the best teachers of penmanship, is
Mr. George Perley, in this State, author of a
new system, which he teaches with great success.
Mr. P. has just closed a school in Winthrop,
where he has given great satisfaction to his pu-
pils, who, by the improvement which they ex-
hibited, proved that they had spent the time
profitably to themselves and with great credit
to their teacher.

He gave two courses in that place, and is about
to commence a third. During the first term he
had 81 scholars, and during the second 108. He
has given instruction, within fourteen months, to
about 2000 scholars, with extraordinary success.

We attended the close of his term the other
evening, and were highly pleased with the inter-
est manifested by the pupils. At the close of the
exercises the following resolves were passed with
enthusiastic unanimity.

Resolved, That Mr. Perley, by his kindness
and gentlemanly deportment towards us while
under his instruction, has justly merited our
kindest regard, and that we tender him our best
wishes for his future success and prosperity.

Resolved, That we cheerfully recommend Mr.
Perley as a teacher in penmanship to all who
may wish to improve in this useful branch of ed-
ucation.

Resolved, That we consider Mr. Perley's sys-
tem of penmanship among the best, if not superi-
or to any other, for elegance, ease, and facility
of execution, and legibility.

THE ECLIPSING SEASON 'MOST OVER.

Old Sol informs his friends that on Saturday
the 24th of this month, at about 11 o'clock A.
M., he will give his last eclipse for the season,
after which he will retire from the business of
eclipsing, for a series of years, it being too much
monopolized by the belles and beaux of the age.
Being something in years, he has concluded to
have but little more dodging behind the moon at
present. This will therefore be the last large
eclipse that he will exhibit for eight years to
come, and he has concluded to put off all total
eclipses in this neighborhood until 1869.

He has also concluded to give but five eclipses
during the remainder of the present century that
shall be central in any part of the Atlantic States.
These he gives notice will take place May 25,
1854; September 29, 1875; October 19, 1895;
August 7, 1869; May 28, 1900. He however
assures his friends—and foes too, that although
he still receives considerable opposition from the
moon, he shall not be driven from the track, but
will continue to shine on, in spite of all lunar in-
fluences, and hopes, by unvaried attention to
his business of lighting and warming the earth,
he shall be instrumental in doing some good,
though he expects but very little thanks for it.

DAMAGE TO THE KENNEBEC DAM. The west-
ern pier of the old part of the Kennebec Dam,
which got started by the ice during the freshet,
and has been tottering ever since, gave way on
Saturday morning last, carrying with it a little
more than an hundred feet of the old dam itself.
The water has now excavated the bed of the riv-
er down to the ledge, and the owners have com-
menced operations to put in a new section, found-
ed on the solid ledge. It will be finished in
about six weeks. No damage was done to the
mills, but they must of course suffer a delay in
their operations—and the navigation above will
be embarrassed for a short time.

With these exceptions, what some may con-
sider a disaster will ultimately prove a benefit.

PLANT YOUR POTATOES EARLY. From all that
we can learn of the operation of the rot in po-
tatoes, it will be advisable to plant potatoes ear-
ly. We cannot ascertain that any crop of this
kind that was planted early last year and mat-
ured early, was in the least affected by the dis-
ease which has destroyed so many bushels.

The following persons were installed officers
of Franklin Division No. 2, S. of T., on Mon-
day evening of last week, for the ensuing term,
namely, Brian Stackpole, W. P.; J. M. Wil-
liams, W. A.; J. A. Richards, R. S.; Henry
Sewall, A. R. S.; Alfred Bicknell, F. S.; Ezra
Emery, T. J.; J. S. Lamson, C.; J. L. Heath, A.
C.; Ebenezer Packard, L. S.; H. S. Jones, O. S.

NEW MUSICIAN. They have a mouse in Port-
land that is giving concerts. It is said that he is
very expert at the business, and astonishes the
audience by the compass of his voice, the melody
of his tones, and the science by which he gives
un the gammut. The Argus says:

The Singing Mouse is certainly quite a cu-
riosity in his way. We have twice taken pains to
hear the little fellow perform. In the day time
he is not so bright, and does not tune up so
early as in the evening. Then he is "wide
awake." His music is without method, but
some of his tones are very liquid. We recog-
nized the cluck of the hen, the noise of the
chicken, and the low tones of the canary. He
amuses himself with variations from these
sounds. He would be quite a card for some ex-
hibition room. His owner has been offered \$25
for him—but he declined to sell the little musician
unless he can get a higher price. It is a new
thing under the sun to hear a mouse sing, and
he has attracted a great deal of attention among
the residents of Ward 7. He may make his
"first appearance" on a larger stage yet.

WRECK AND DREADFUL SUFFERING. Ship
Goodwin, Davis, from Liverpool, arrived at this
port Wednesday morning, reports on the last
inst. 43, 43, 43, 43, 43, 43, 43, 43, 43, 43, 43, 43,
belonging to brig Juno, and from Greenock for
St. Johns, N. F. wrecked among the ice March
28th, lat. 46 30, lon. 47 30 W., and took from her
John Gibbs, master, Adam Carran, mate, Peter
Brown, second mate, Alexander Burke and John
Gaffney, seamen, the survivors of the Juno's
crew of 12 persons; the others perished in the
boat; those taken on board the Goodwin were
frozen and in an exhausted state, having been
24 days exposed in a small boat, and for a length
of time without any water, and a small supply
of provisions. John Gaffney died an hour after
being taken up.

TWO YOUNG MEN DROWNED. Charles Wood-
bury, of Townsend, and Charles Tyler, of Wor-
cester, Mass., the former 18 and the latter 22
inst., were drowned on Wednesday, the 25th
inst., at 43, 43, 43, 43, 43, 43, 43, 43, 43, 43, 43,
Thursday (Past day) by the upsetting of a
sail boat while on a pleasure excursion. The
accident was seen from the shore and every ef-
fort made to save them, but in vain. The bodies
were recovered after three hours searching.

FATAL ACCIDENT. We learn by Leonard's
Express that a brakeman, named Francis Wins-
low, was killed on the Worcester Railroad at
Westboro', Wednesday. He was detaching the
milk car while the train was in motion, and lo-
sing his hold, fell under the wheels and was
crushed to death.

Premature Summer in France. The French
papers speak of the weather as being extremely
mild throughout the kingdom. At Paris the 25th
Feb., swimmers indulged in their favorite divi-
sion in the open river. In the South of France,
the plum and cherry trees were in full bloom,
and the date, the traffic in violets was as active
as usual in the month of May; the sale of this
flower being estimated at 2000 francs per day.

POPULAR EDUCATION.

For the Farmer.
NUMBER V.

The other point on which I designed to offer a
few remarks is, the want of proper classifica-
tion in our schools.

Every practical teacher knows, that he can
teach better, and pupils will learn faster, where
his school is properly classed. Any one may
perceive, that if an instructor should undertake
to teach his pupils, one by one, he would expend
both time and labor at great disadvantage. The
advantages of system in a school are quite as
important as in a manufactory. But what sys-
tem can avail much with a teacher, if he has as
many separate recitations as there are pupils?
A man can instruct a dozen with more ease to
himself, and with more effect on the pupils, than
he can, the dozen, one by one. The instruction
given to one will answer just as well for a dozen,
with this advantage, that in the latter case it is
given with more spirit and vivacity. A teacher
that is stupid with a bright and intelligent class
before him, must be a dolt. In all our higher in-
stitutions they teach in classes. Why not so in
our common schools? The first object, then, of
parents and committees should be, to aid the
teacher in classifying his school. He will then
work at the best advantage.

But how is it? Here is a school where there
are half a dozen reading books. As many spell-
ing books, as many arithmetics, as many geog-
raphies. What classification can be effected in
that school? Would it not be decidedly better
to have all of the same rank in Arithmetic, Geo-
graphy and Grammar, placed in the same class,
that they may stimulate each other, and receive
the benefit of the undivided attention of the
teacher to that particular branch at a particular
hour? If the six in one branch have different
text books, they manifestly can each have at
most but one sixth of the attention from the
teacher, which they would have, if they recited
together. "Without uniformity in books," says
Mr. Mann, "classification is impossible, and
whatever defeats classification destroys the power
of the teacher."

This evil may be remedied without any op-
pression of parents, and with great advantage to
our schools—as matters now are—I do not see
much prospect of general improvement in this
respect.

ONE OF THE COMMITTEE.
March, 1846.

ITEMS OF EUROPEAN NEWS.

The packet ship Sylvie de Grasse arrived in
New York Saturday, bringing Paris papers
to the 4th of March and Havre to the 5th, furnis-
hing a few items of intelligence which may inter-
est our readers. We select from the Journal of
Commerce and Commercial Advertiser.
A fearful railroad collision took place on the
3d of March, between two trains on the road
from St. Etienne to Lyons. Of twelve cars
forming one of the trains, six were dashed to
pieces and eight persons were killed. A great
number were injured, twenty of them very
badly and ten so badly that they were not ex-
pected to survive.

The news from Poland continued on the 3d
ult., the discussion of the internal navigation bill.
The article granting 5,000,000 fr. for the
improvement of the part of the Seine that runs
through Paris was adopted.

The advices from Madrid are of the 25th of
February. It is said that there has been a rup-
ture in the negotiation for the marriage of Count
de Trapani to the Queen of Spain.
The news from Poland continued on the 3d
ult., the discussion of the internal navigation bill.
The article granting 5,000,000 fr. for the
improvement of the part of the Seine that runs
through Paris was adopted.

The news from Poland continued on the 3d
ult., the discussion of the internal navigation bill.
The article granting 5,000,000 fr. for the
improvement of the part of the Seine that runs
through Paris was adopted.

The news from Poland continued on the 3d
ult., the discussion of the internal navigation bill.
The article granting 5,000,000 fr. for the
improvement of the part of the Seine that runs
through Paris was adopted.

The news from Poland continued on the 3d
ult., the discussion of the internal navigation bill.
The article granting 5,000,000 fr. for the
improvement of the part of the Seine that runs
through Paris was adopted.

The news from Poland continued on the 3d
ult., the discussion of the internal navigation bill.
The article granting 5,000,000 fr. for the
improvement of the part of the Seine that runs
through Paris was adopted.

The news from Poland continued on the 3d
ult., the discussion of the internal navigation bill.
The article granting 5,000,000 fr. for the
improvement of the part of the Seine that runs
through Paris was adopted.

The news from Poland continued on the 3d
ult., the discussion of the internal navigation bill.
The article granting 5,000,000 fr. for the
improvement of the part of the Seine that runs
through Paris was adopted.

The news from Poland continued on the 3d
ult., the discussion of the internal navigation bill.
The article granting 5,000,000 fr. for the
improvement of the part of the Seine that runs
through Paris was adopted.

The news from Poland continued on the 3d
ult., the discussion of the internal navigation bill.
The article granting 5,000,000 fr. for the
improvement of the part of the Seine that runs
through Paris was adopted.

The news from Poland continued on the 3d
ult., the discussion of the internal navigation bill.
The article granting 5,000,000 fr. for the
improvement of the part of the Seine that runs
through Paris was adopted.

The news from Poland continued on the 3d
ult., the discussion of the internal navigation bill.
The article granting 5,000,000 fr. for the
improvement of the part of the Seine that runs
through Paris was adopted.

LATE AND IMPORTANT FROM MEXICO!

We have dates from Vera Cruz to the 16th
ult., through the New Orleans papers. It is an-
nounced that President Paredes will take the
field in person, if the war with the United States
is commenced by an attack on the part of our
fleet lying at Vera Cruz. El Republicano sets
down Gen. Taylor's force at 6000 men marching
upon Matamoros, while another column of 1000
is moving to a higher point on the Rio Grande,
and yet the general commanding the vanguard
of the Mexicans is totally destitute of resources
to make head against them—so says the Monitor.

The Mexican press—both opposition and ad-
ministration—are clamorous for war with the
United States; and the official journal says the
President is doing all in his power to be able
to commence hostilities.

It is not yet certain that Mr. Slidell is re-
ceived by the Mexican Government, although letters
say he soon will be. He was at Jalapa at the
last dates. The Vera Cruz papers of the 14th
ult., allege that the government had not then re-
plied to the note in which Mr. Slidell demanded
to be informed categorically whether he would
be received or not. They say there can be no
doubt that the government will follow the advice
of the Council and refuse to receive him, save
on very difficult terms in the way of a settlement
upon the question of Texas Annexation. They antici-
pate action on the part of this country upon
the reception of this refusal. Still the hope is
indulged that when it comes to the pinch, Mr.
Slidell will consent to remain in the less dignified
capacity.

U. S. brig of war Somers arrived at Vera
Cruz on the 8th. There were lying at Sacrifi-
cio one frigate and three sloops of war, all be-
longing to the Gulf squadron. One British sloop
of war was also there.

Gen. Mexia had pushed forward 400 infantry
to protect the point St. Isabel, and Gen. Parodi
was very busy in drumming up supplies to repel
invasion. The Mexicans think they will be
able to concentrate 8000 men on the Rio Bravo
by the 1st of April.

It appears from a Vera Cruz paper that the
Cumberland is the U. S. frigate lying at Sacrifi-
cio. El Monitor gives an account of her armament,
as well as of the St. Mary's.

LATER FROM MEXICO. The U. S. brig Som-
ers, Commander Ingraham, arrived at Pensacola
on the 28th inst., from Vera Cruz, in a passage
of eight days and a half. The following is an
extract of a letter from an officer embracing the
most important items of news:

"On the 15th Mr. Dimond was informed by a
letter from Mr. Parrot of thelegation that Mr.
Slidell had demanded his passports, having been
refused reception as Minister, although the Mex-
ican Cabinet expressed a perfect willingness to
treat with a commissioner on the Texas question."
He also wrote that Mr. Slidell would be in
Vera Cruz in the course of a week, and would
immediately take passage therefrom for the Uni-
ted States. The St. Mary's was in readiness for
his accommodation when we left.

On the 18th Com. Conner received a letter
from Mr. Black, our consul in Mexico. He ap-
peared to be somewhat exhilarated by the cheer-
ing intelligence brought from England by the
Cambria, which he had just received. He writes
that if this news had been sooner received Mr.
Slidell would have been received, and throws
out a suggestion that our mission may be accept-
ed at the last moment.

The people of Vera Cruz are awfully fright-
ened, and are, as will be seen by the newspapers,
moving out of the city. The Mexican Navy
has been taken in the town of the steamers, and
of absolute safety, far up one of the neighboring
rivers.

The people of Vera Cruz wish to see the
question between us settled, and having never
been warmly attached to the revolutionary
government, threaten a pronunciamento unless
their wishes are regarded."

STILL LATER FROM MEXICO. Since the ad-
vices received from Vera Cruz to the 15th ult.,
a letter has been received in this city from Rev.
Mr. Taylor, the chaplain of the sloop-of-war
Cumberland, at Vera Cruz, intimating that he
will be in the city in the course of a few days,
and giving the details of the refusal of the
Mexican Government to acknowledge the creden-
tials of Mr. Slidell, as the American minister
plenipotentiary to that country. The letter
states, that there was an angry debate in the
Mexican Congress upon the subject of these
credentials, and Mr. Slidell had demanded his
passports and was about to go aboard the Cum-
berland, with the purpose of withdrawing from
the country. There was a prospect of an amicable adjustment
of the difficulty between the two countries; and
this letter intimates that it would be best to take
possession first, and negotiate afterwards.

FROM SOUTH AMERICA. The intelligence
from the Argentine Republic, received by way
of Baltimore, is a few days later than that re-
ceived by the recent arrival here, being from
Rio de Janeiro to the 23d, Montevideo to the 5th
and Buenos Ayres to the 5th. The war was at
stand, with now and then a slight skirmish in
Uruguay. The coast was still blockaded by the
combined forces, and Montevideo besieged by
Ortiz's army. Several American vessels had
gone up the river (Parana) under cover of
French and English men-of-war. A Monte-
video correspondent of the Rio Janeiro Journal,
of Jan. 9, asserts that Mr. Brent, the American
charge d' Affaires had, in connexion with other
public agents, addressed "a fulminating note to
Rosas,

The sky is ruddy in the East,
The earth is gray below;
And spectral in the river mist
Our bare, white timbers show;
Up!—let the sounds of measured stroke
—And grating saw begin:
The broad-axe to the gnarled oak,
The mallet to the pin!
Hark!—roars the bellow, blast on blast,
The sooty smithy jars,
And fire-sparks rising far and fast
Are fading with the stars.
"All day for us the smith shall stand
Beside that flashing forge;
All day for us his heavy hand
The groaning anvil scourge."
Gee up!—Gee ho!—The paunting team
For us is toiling near;
For us the raftmen down the stream
Their island-barges steer.
Rings out for us the axe-man's stroke
In forests old and still,
For us the century-circled oak
Falls crushing down his bill.
Up!—up!—In nobler toil than ours
No craftsmen hear a pint;
We make of Nature's giant powers
The slaves of human Art.
Lay rib to rib and beam to beam,
And drive the trunnels free;
Nor faithless joint nor yawning seam
Shall tempt the searching sea!
Where'er the keel of our good ship
The sea's rough field shall plough—
Where'er her tossing spars shall drip
With salt spray caught below—
That ship must lead her master's beck,
Her helm obey his hand,
And seamen tread her reeling deck
As if they trod the land.
Her osken ribs the vulture-beak
Of Northern ice may peel—
The smoken rock and coral peak
May grate along her keel!
And know we well the painted shell
We give to wind and wave,
Must float, the sailor's citadel,
Or sink, the sailor's grave!
Ho!—strike away the bars and blocks,
And set the good ship free!
Why lingers on these dusty rocks
The young bride of the sea?
Look!—how she moors adown the grooves
In graceful beauty now!
How lowly on the breast she loves
Sinks down her virgin prow!
God bless her, where'er—the breeze
Her snowy wing shall fan,
Aside the frozen Hebrides
Or sultry Hindostan!—
Where'er, in mart or on the main,
With peaceful flag unfurled,
She helps to wind the silken chain
Of Commerce round the world!
Speed on the ship!—But let her bear
No merchandise of sin,
No groaning cargo of despair
Her roomy hold within.
No Lethetan drag of Eastern lands,
Nor poison draught for ours,
But honest fruits of toiling hands
And Nature's sun and showers.
Be her's the Prairie's golden grain,
The Desert's golden sand,
The cloistered fruits of sunny Spain,
The spice of Morning-land!
Her pathway on the open main,
May blessings follow free,
And glad hearts welcome back again
Her white sails from the sea!

The Story Teller.

[From the Franklin Democrat.]

TWO TRUTHS TO ONE LIE, OR "HONESTY THE BEST POLICY."

A TALE OF ALABAMA.

BY G. W. BARBER.

Colonel Fox stood one rainy day by the desk in his store, busily entering up accounts. He was rot, thick man, nicely clad in grey clothes, there was a shrewd expression about his blue eyes, which seemed to say, "I'm a eye-making character, no mistake—over-ck me in a bargain you can!"

For was the impression made by his physiognomy by any means a false one; the Colonel did understand the ways and means of money-getting to perfection. He kept a small store of dry goods, just in the edge of Alabama, and it was sought by many of his customers that he came ering being "hardly honest" than "hard and rest."

Upon the Indians especially, who hung about establishment for the purpose of obtaining whiskey, did he practice his arts of extortion, frequently getting, for a jug full of his abominable stuff, some nice little tract of land, or a shelf of corn.

To had just finished running up a long row of acres, and was placing a separatrix between lars and cents, when he heard a step in the ck before his door, and looking up saw "In-John," as he was called, dripping in the rain, holding a jug in his hand. The Colonel was very well his errand. He was a regular tomer—one who by some means or other nally contrived to keep that jug well filled. But it happened that he had been there the day before, and upon being sharply questioned had been found destitute of "the needful," and had, accordingly, been sent empty away. He had neither nuts, fruit, fish, corn or money, give in exchange for the "fire water." But w he came in, and marched up to the counter ch an air which said as plainly as words could ve done, "I'm ready for you—I've got the ink now."

The Colonel was as we before said, a shrewd an, one who understood his business,—so his nners towards his visitor were very different n what they had been the day before—he dulated emphatically and said, "Hey, John! ou ouldn't think, to look at you, that you could be n any sense of the word—why, man, there 'd a dry thread about you."

"Me is; me want whisika!" said the Indian, ncing his jug upon the counter.

"You do, John? what have you got to-day to ve for it—corn?"

"No—me no got corn."

"Fish?"

"No—me no got fish."

"Fruit?"

"No—me not got fruit."

"Well, I declare, have you brought me some nison to-day?"

"No—me not got any venison."

face, and a dark frown was gathering over his eyes-brows.

"Me got deer skin," said John.

"Have you?" said the Colonel, resuming his bland smile—"A good one, John?"

"Him good one, sar—him berry good one—not a hole in him. Him so big!" said he, at the same time pointing out its dimensions on the floor.

"Well, bring it in," said the Colonel—"if it's a good one, I reckon I'll fill your jug—if it's a poor mean thing, I shan't fill it more than half full."

"Him good one, sar—him berry good one—but—but his me no here."

"Not here! Where have you left it John?"

"You know the creek with the bridge over him," said the Indian, pointing down the muddy road.

"Yes!"

"You know the path that goes so?" said he, thrusting his hand from his body.

"Yes!"

"You know the crooked tree what stands out to the end of him?"

The Colonel bowed.

"Well, there him be, sar—rolled right up under the crooked tree. Him berry nice one, sar! Me want whiskey?"

"But how am I to get it, John? Ned, my nigger, has gone up the river after a load of fodder, and won't be back till dark. You'll bring it to me, won't you?"

"Me can't—me papoose sick—me go home."

"But you *must*," said the Colonel—"I can't get it if you don't—twont take you long, I reckon. Get it, and I'll fill your jug chuck full while you are gone."

"Me can't—me papoose sick—me go home."

The store keeper knew that when an Indian had twice refused to do a thing, it did no good to coax—so he filled his jug and gave it to him. The Indian drew his rimless hat over his eyes, and sallied out again into the rain.

"A grand bargain!—a capital bargain!" said the Colonel to himself, as he rubbed his hands together, and exulted at the idea of having obtained a valuable deer-skin for a jug of whiskey.

"If I only could have made the feller brought it to me—but never mind, I'll go myself."

The Indian, too, seemed well pleased with his trade, for after he had left the store he raised his finger, and turning, shook it significantly, as much as to say, "You welcome to him, sar!"

The Colonel closed his desk, put up his papers, and took down his silk umbrella, and hat. He looked for his overcoat, but unfortunately he had left that at the house. He stepped into the porch—closed the store door, opened his umbrella, and began his journey.

The mud, formed of red clay and water, was ankle deep in the road—and the store keeper, being as we have before intimated, a very neat man, could not help now and then casting a look down to his nice calf skin shoes, which Ned had nicely blacked, and which creaked admirably about the store. However, a deer skin, a good one, was worth going after, even in the rain.

He reached the creek. This was usually a creeping stream—but now it was swollen by the rain to a strong current, and the muddy water went leaping and foaming on its way like some wild beast lashed into fury. The rude bridge of poles trembled as the strong waters swept against the wooden post which supported it, and quivered like an aspen in the blast. It evidently was in a precarious state. The Colonel hesitated before he ventured upon it. It certainly looked as if no foot heavier than a ghost's or a witch's ought to undertake the task of crossing it. However, he was a brave man, and had come too far to think of going back—so he cautiously proceeded, and was soon safely over.

He took the path designated by the Indian—and after following it half a mile, reached the crooked tree. He carefully searched every nook and corner, going first one side of the tree and then the other—but, could he believe his eyes, there was no deer-skin there.

The story of Indian John was evidently a black one, coined to suit the occasion. There were no tracks save those the Colonel made himself, and no Indian could have been there the day without leaving tracks—that was certain.

The store-keeper could not restrain his rage. He stamped his feet, and swore he would be revenged on the "whole Injin posse." He had come in a drenching shower, full a mile and half—he was saturated with mud and water, and all to no purpose. If a red face showed itself in his store, he'd kick the owner out doors. He'd blow John sky-high—he shouldn't have any whiskey from his store, as long as he lived. He'd teach the red rascal "who was who."

But standing there and storming, did no good—it neither stopped the rain, nor created a deer skin—and the only alternative there was left was to proceed home as fast as his two feet would carry him.

So grasping the handle of his umbrella with desperate energy, he proceeded to retrace his steps. But alas! when he arrived within sight of the bridge, that structure was quietly leaving its station, and dancing something like a merry horn-pipe down the stream.

What was now to be done? The unhappy Colonel was now in a sad predicament. He shivered in every joint, and there was certainly no place where he could cross those mad water dry-shod. Could he off with shoes and stockings and wade? Oh, horror of horrors!—what a thought! Yet there was no other way, he crossed the stream must be, before he could reach comfortable quarters. So he divested himself as speedily as possible of shoes and socks, placed them under one arm, and taking his umbrellas under the other, closed his eyes, bit his lips, and with desperation rushed forward.

The water felt to his glowing feet very much like ice, and the stones at the bottom seemed to be set up edgeways—at any rate, they were quite too sharp and slippery to answer anybody's ideas of comfort—but he muttered to himself, and dashed on furiously. When he reached the middle of the stream, his feet seemed to become unaccountably obstinate—the slipped about to suit their fancy, and down he fell, foremost he came. He spread out both hands to save himself, and out slipped shoes, stockings, and umbrellas, and last followed in the way of their "illustrious predecessor" the bridge. Now this all—his hat fell from his head, as it came down with a sudden jerk; and joined company with those who had gone before.

"O—h—o—o!" shrieked the luckless Colonel, while another step plunged him again to the bottom. One desperate, energetic splash was heard, and the Colonel stood bare-footed, bare-headed and umbrellas, on the opposite shore, looking

proceeded through the cold red mud up the hill. No one could have recognized in the forlorn looking creature, then and there creeping up the road, the sleek, fat gentleman, who an hour before had walked down with a nice hat, cranking shoes and silk umbrella over his head, to ward off the drops of rain.

Now it happened that his loving consort, Mrs. Fox, stood looking out of the window, when this forlorn object of pity first pictured itself on her visual organs. She had a very great dread of "stragglers;" as she was pleased to designate those homeless creatures we sometimes meet with, wandering through the country, and immediately surmising this man to belong to that unhappy class, she screamed to Chine, the black house girl, to bar the door, for "there was the awfulest looking critter of a straggler coming up the road she ever did see in her born days."

Chine, in a much greater flutter than her mistress, if possible, immediately obeyed orders—and every curtain was dropped, to make the poor beggar suppose that there was no one at home. Mrs. Fox stood erect and breathless, in the middle of the floor, with both hands extended, in momentary expectation of having the door burst in, or a window dashed out, by the exasperated villain. Poor Chine had slunk into one corner, and sat with her feet on the floor—her elbows resting in her lap, and her head on her hands—while the white of her affrighted eyes shone wonderfully distinct in the darkened room.

"If it wasn't for leaving me alone, oh! I'd send you down to the store after your master," said Mrs. Fox, in a whisper to the cowering African. "But I DAREN'T—there's no telling what the critter may do before you get back!"

The words were hardly out of her mouth before the feet of the supposed vagrant were heard spitting up the wooden steps, and crossing the piazza. His hand was on the handle, and the door shook violently in his grasp.

"Open the door! open! open!" shrieked the beggar's voice, faintly.

Chine's eyes opened to their utmost dimensions, and poor Mrs. Fox thought she "was sartin at that moment she never should breathe again!"

"Death and fury! open the door, or I'll beat it down, you black-faced nigger you!—it's some of your doings!" screamed the infuriated Colonel.

"—It's a pity if a man's got to be shut out of doors by his own niggers!" and the door evidently was in a precarious condition.

"What shall we do?" screamed Mrs. Fox.

"Chine, get your master's musket, and shoot the critter—I've heard o' such things!"

But the paralyzed negro moved neither hand nor foot, though in the habit of obeying without a why or wherefore.

"Wife! wife!" screamed the Colonel, "open the door!"

"Did you ever hear the like?" said Mrs. Fox—"the critter is crazy."

"I'm almost froze—do open the door—Don't you know me? It's Colonel Fox, your husband!"

"Wife! do open the door."

"That's a lie!" screamed back Mrs. Fox.—"You needn't think you are going to cheat me. As though I don't know my own husband from you, you bare-footed scape-gallows! Colonel, indeed! you look a good deal like him, I should think! He's down to the store. If you want to see him, go there."

"O dear!" groaned the Colonel, "I see how it is, my wife don't know me, and I'm afraid she'll never let me in, in the world. What shall I do?"

The tone in which this was uttered, struck Mrs. Fox as resembling her husband's voice; but then it *could not* be. No, indeed! Nobody ever saw Colonel Fox in such a pickle as that. The man was only feigning, and her determination grew stronger than ever to keep him out.

"Just open the door, wife, and look at me, and if I ain't Colonel Fox, your husband, you may shut it again."

"That would be *pooly* doings!" said the sharp sighted Mrs. Fox; "you don't catch me so, I'll warrant. You'll not pop your head in here to-day, old feller, and that's sartin."

"Well, I'll go round and you may look at me through the window."

"Oh! you want to shoot me!" screamed the lady; "I'll not do that."

But the Colonel persisted in his determination, and Mrs. Fox peeped through a crevice unperceived. Oh! could it be? It certainly was the dear, identical Mr. Fox! who dined at home not three hours before, looking as neat, bright and trim as a new row of pins.

"O change, stupendous change!"

"Chine, unlatch the door: quick! quick! Your fingers are all thumbs, you stupid critter. Mr. Fox! why, Colonel Fox! what *has* happened? Have you been robbed, burnt out, or drowned?" said the sympathising partner, as she lunged back with desperate energy the door, and met her forlorn lord on the threshold.

Poor Colonel Fox had but little heart to narrate his adventures; he was too chill and woe-begone. His wife understood that something very unpleasant had happened, and contrived to repress that curiosity for which it is said her sex is famous.

This scene, thus far, had not by any means been to the Colonel a comedy. But his own woes were not at an end; a severe fit of fever and ague followed this exposure, and for three long weeks did his loving spouse watch over his blue and shaking frame, with an assiduity which showed plainly that she meant to atone for her ill-timed fear of "stragglers."

One day, after the Colonel had so far recovered as to be able (to use his wife's phrase) "to crawl down" to the store again, he caught a glimpse of "Injkin John," who stood with his rifle and blanket in his hand, at a suitable distance, eager apparently to see how the Colonel took the joke.

"You'd better not come near me, you red-skin grace," said the Colonel, clenching his emaciated hand, and shaking it towards him—"I'll remember that deer-skin scrape of yours, my um."

"You no find him?" said the Indrin, as if half surprised at the result of the Colonel's excursion.

"No!" vociferated the Colonel; "and you *knew* 'twant there."

"You find the path?"

"Yes! I knew where the path was before you wretch!"

"You find the crooked tree?"

"Yes," replied the Colonel, as if expecting an explanation.

"You find the deer skin?"

"No!"

"Haw! haw! haw! two truths for one lie, *pooly well for Injkin!*" and before the Colonel had time further to free his mind, the red humbug

When a few centuries shall have thrown their shadows upon the strange fortunes of Napoleon, and given to every thing about him a tinge of romance, the story of his first wife will seem to the student rather a fable than a fact: he will look upon her as we look upon Mary of Scotland, and with deeper interest: but she far more truly, than her lord, was from first to last, "the child of destiny."

Told, while yet unmarried, that she would be a wife, a widow, and then Queen of France, the entire fulfillment of the first part of the prophecy gave her courage to believe in the last part also when under sentence of death. When her bed was taken from under her because she was to die the next morning she told her weeping friends that it was not so; that she would sit on the throne, on the ruins of which Robespierre stood triumphant; and when asked in mockery to choose her maids of honor, since she was to be Queen, she did choose them; and they were her maids of honor when half of Europe looked upon her. On that night which was to have been her last upon earth, Robespierre fell. Had he fallen a few days earlier, her husband would have lived; and had he fell one day later, Josephine herself would have been among the ten thousand victims, whose names we have never heard. But he fell that night, and her destiny was accomplished.

She married Napoleon, and through her, and her husband, he was appointed to the army in Italy; step by step they rose, till at last the crown rested upon her head; the second part of the prophecy was proved true; and she began to look forward to that loss of power and rank which was also given to her by the same hand which had also been foretold, and which was to close the strange drama of her life. And he that had wedded the child of destiny grew every day more strong and grasping. In vain did Josephine attempt to rule his ambition, and chasten his arms; he was an emperor, he wished to found an empire and by slow degrees he made himself familiar with the thought of putting her away.

When the campaign of 1800 was at an end, hardened and narrowed, the General came back to his wife; his former kindness was gone; his playfulness was checked, he consulted her but seldom, and seldom stole upon her private hour with that familiar love that had made her heart leap. She saw her hour draw nigh.

It was on the evening of the 20th November the court was at Paris in honor of the King of Saxony, Josephine sat at the window looking down upon the river, and musing on the dark fate before her, when she heard Napoleon's step at the door. She sprang to open it, using the exclamation, "mon ami!" He embraced her so affectionately that for the instant all her fears and woes seemed vain. She led him to her chair, placed herself at his feet and looking up into his face smiled through her tears.

"You are unhappy, Josephine," said the Emperor.

"Not with you, sire."

"Bah!" said he quickly, "why call me sire? These shows of state steal all true joys from me."

"Then why seek them?" answered Josephine.

The Emperor made no reply.

"You are now the first of men," continued she, "you could not quit war, turn ambition out of your councils, bend your thoughts on the good of France, and live at home among those that love you?"

"Josephine," said he, turning his head from her, "it is not I; it is France that demands it."

"Are you sure of that, my lord?" said his wife; "have you probed your heart to the bottom? Is it not ambition which prompts you to seek reasons for repudiating me, for thinking Napoleon, I misunderstand you; are you sure I am the love of France?"

Every word that she spoke touched him to the quick; and rising hastily he replied, "madam, I have my reasons, and now good evening."

"Sire, sure," said she, taking hold of his arm, "we must not part in anger. I submit cheerfully. It is not my nature to oppose your will, love you too deeply. Nor shall I cease to love you, Napoleon, because I am to leave you throne and your side. If still you go on victorious, I shall rejoice with you. If reverse come, I will lay down my life to comfort you. I will pray for you morning and night, in the hope that sometimes you will think of me."

Hardened as he was, Napoleon had loved his wife dearly and long; and her submission to his stern resolve; her calm but mournful dignity; her unshaken love moved even him, and for a moment his affection struggled with ambition. He turned to embrace her again. But in the moment her face and form had changed. Her eyes lit like that of insanity and her whole person seemed inspired. He felt himself in the presence of a superior being. She led him to the window and threw it open. A thin mist hung upon the Seine, and over the gardens of the palace, all around there was silence; among the stars shining before them, there was one far brighter than the rest; she pointed to it.

"Bonaparte," she said, "that star is mine: that and not to yours, was promised an empire through me and my destinies you have received part from me and you fall. The spirit of her who foresaw my rise to royalty even now tells me that your fate hangs on mine. Believe me or not, if we henceforth walk asunder, you will leave no empire behind you, and will die you yourself in shame and sorrow, with a broken spirit."

He turned away, sick at heart, and overawed by the words of one whose destiny had been so strangely accomplished. Ten days were passed away in resolves and counter resolves; and the link that bound him to fortune was broken. Josephine was divorced, and, as he said himself when at St. Helena, from that hour his fate commenced.

Josephine was divorced, but her love did not cease: in her retirement she joyed in his successes, and prayed that he might be saved from the fruits of his wild ambition. When the son was born, she only regretted that she was not near in his happiness; and when he went a prisoner to Elba, she begged that she might share his prison and relieve his woes. Every article that he had used at her residence, remained. He had left it, she would not let a chair be moved. The book in which he had been last reading there, with the last page doubled down, and upon which he had last used by it, with the ink dried on the point. When her death drew near she wished to sell her jewels and send the fallow emperor money; and her will was submitted to his discretion. She died before his return from Elba; but her last thoughts were of him and France; and her last words expressed a hope and belief "that she had never ceased a single tear to flow." She was buried in the village church of Rueil, and her body was followed to the grave not only by princes and generals, but by two thousand poor, whose hearts had been

[illegible]

To The Hon., E. WILKINS, Judge of Probate.

I THE undersigned, HIRSH TOWLE of Belgrade, in said county, respectfully represent unto you, Sir, that upon March, A. D. 1846, Ephraim Tibbetts, late of the County of Northampton, died intestate; leaving behind him a family of seven hundred dollars worth of personal estate consisting of his own effects, furniture, clothing, &c.; also real estate consisting of himself, his heirs, executors and administrators claiming by descent or conveyance of a certain lot of land in said Belgrade Township, containing about No. 66, and beginning at the south east corner thereof of the north-east one-half 35 rods, to a stake and angle, thence south-west two miles, to a pine stump; thence south-east one mile, to point of view and stone; thence west three-quarters of a mile, to a well; under the condition that the said Knight should pay to said town the sum of five dollars and forty-seven cents, on the first day of the date of said bond, (*viz*, March 29, 1840,) with interest.

Your petitioner further avers that in consideration for money by him paid to said Knight, the said Knight, on the 22d day of April next, did execute and acknowledged before me as Justice of Peace, a legal and valid deed assigning all said bond to your petitioner, whereupon he became invested with all the rights accruing thereon, and that he now stands ready to perform the same according to its tenor, as formed by said knight, and his assignee, but that said Tibbetts was slain by death from performing the condition therein on his part, so that your petitioner prays that Joseph Tibbetts of Belgrade, deceased, may be appointed administrator of the Estate of Ephraim, deceased, may be assigned such a stock of A. M., and show cause why the provisions thereof—on receiving the same herein specified to be paid by said Knight or his assigns—should not be granted.

HIRAM TOWLE

March 25, 1846.
A true copy.—Attest: F. Davis, Register. 14

KENNEBEC, ss.—At a Court of Probats held at Augusta, in and for said County, on the last Monday of March, A. D. 1846.

On the foregoing petition, ORDERED, That said petitioner give notice to all persons interested in the subject matter thereof with this order, to be published each week successively in the Maine Farmer, that they may appear at the execution of said will, which shall take place on the last Monday of April next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, on the case, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

W. EMMONS, Judge.

A true copy.—Attest: F. Davis, Register. 14

KENNEBEC, ss.—At a Court of Probats held at Augusta, within and for the County of Kennebec, on the last Monday of March, A. D. 1846.

SARAH H. SHERMAN, Administratrix, with the will annexed, on the Estate of THOMAS SHERRIN, late of Augusta, in said County, deceased, having received her account of administration of the estate of said deceased for allowance:

O RDEEDED, That said Adm's give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Maine Farmer, printed at Augusta, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta, in said County, on the last Monday of April next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

W. EMMONS, Judge.

A true copy.—Attest: F. Davis, Register. 14

KENNEBEC, ss.—At a Court of Probats held at Augusta, within and for the County of Kennebec, on the second Monday of March, A. D. 1846.

WILLIAM TABER, Executor of the last will and testament of VALENTINE MEADIN, late of Vassalboro', in said County, deceased, having presented his account of administration of the estate of said deceased for allowance:

O RDEEDED, That said Exceutor give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Maine Farmer, printed at Augusta, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta, in said County, on the last Monday of April instant, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

W. EMMONS, Judge.

Attest: F. Davis, Register. 14

N O T I C E is hereby given, that the subscriber in has been duly appointed Administrator on the estate of CHAS. W. JOXES, late of Augusta, in the County of Kennebec, deceased, intestate, and has undertaken that true copies of said inventory, and made up accounts, shall be delivered against the Estate of said deceased desiring to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment.

AT STAFFORD,

Augusta, March 30, 1846. 14

**New England Truss Manufactory,
Boston, Mass.**

JAMES FREDERICK FOSTER continues to manufacture all the various important Trusses, at his stand No. 305 Washington street, opposite No. 264, Boston. He has had previous experience in making trusses the last ten years—and residence and business being in some building, he can be seen at home nearly the whole time, day or evening. He has more room and better conveniences than almost any other man who ever engaged in it in this city or any other.

All Abdominal Supporters for Prolapsus Uteri, Trusses for Prolapsus Ani—Suspensary Bags, Knee Caps, Bandages, &c., &c., for sale for deferred relief. Try them required at one hour's notice, and made to answer every turn, times, as well as new. The subscriber having worn trusses himself for the last twenty-five years, and fitted many others the last ten years, feels confident in being able to suit cases that no other person could do.

Also Spiral Trusses—Dr. Chape's Trusses, formerly sold by Dr. Leach—Trusses of galvanized metal that wear rust, having wooden and copper plates—Read's Spine Curvature Trusses—Salmon's Collar and Buckle—Shallen's Patent French Co.—Bateman's Co. double and single—Stones' Trusses,—also, Trusses for Children, of various kinds. Dr. Fletcher's Trusses—Marsh's Truss—Dr. Hall's Truss—Harris' Truss—Whispering Tubes and Ear Trumpets, that will enable anyone to converse with one that is hard of hearing. These articles were made and used by several persons waited on by his wife, Mrs. CAROLINE D. FOSTER, who has had ten years' experience in the business.

Certificates.
(From T. Gordon, M. D.)

Mrs. James F. Foster, manufacturer of trusses, of Boston, Mass., from whom I have seen of his trusses, and find them very good; superiorly adapted to support several of my patients in Massachusetts and parts of the country, with an article that I think is well calculated to assist the designs of the inventor; I have no hesitation in recommending their use to the public; and I believe his case increases the ability of adapting trusses in any case that may be presented to him.

T. GORDON, M. D.

Plymouth, September 1, 1845.

I hereby certify that I have for several years past borne witness to the efficacy of J. F. Foster's Ingenuini Hermae, and feel inclined to assure every sufferer who applies to consider it preferable to any other which I have employed.

JAMES TRACHER, M. D., Plymouth, Mass.

Mrs. James F. Foster having for many years given attention to the treatment of dropsical swellings, she understands the particular causes of individuals who swell on limbs, having furnished trusses for more than 300 persons in Plymouth County, is hereby recommended to all who are afflicted with Dropsy, &c., as invaluable in contriving and skillful in adapting them in all varieties of cases that occur, and is believed to have gained general satisfaction to all who have applied to her.

ANTHONY COLLAPORE, M. D.

(From Dr. J. C. Warren.)

Having had occasion to observe that much trouble was suffered with Hernia, we facilitated much from the want of skilled workmen in accommodating trusses to the peculiarities of their cases. I have taken pains to inform myself of the competency of Mr. J. F. Foster to supply us with suitable apparatus, and after six months of observation of his work, I am satisfied that Mr. Foster is well acquainted with the manufacture of the instruments, and ingenious in accommodating them to individual cases. We therefore highly recommend him to our professional brethren, and to publish, as a person well fitted to supply what our wants demand in these important respects.

DANIEL BARNES, M.D., Boston
DR. ROBBS, Roxbury.—Since the death of John Beath, I have used, in preference to all other trusses those made by Mr. J. F. Foster, of Boston. 6-14

Bommer's Method of Making Manure.

THE advertiser has been appointed agent of this valuable method for preparing Manure for the State of Maine, and is now prepared to sell individual Town or County Rights. The cheapness and expedition with which large bodies of manure may be produced by this method, affords great facility in procuring it, and presents a most favorable opportunity of this important accession to the farming intelligence, is proposed to sell County or Town rights to enterprising individuals or companies, on such terms as will render it profitable to produce it profitably. This mode of producing manure has been tried by many farmers in this and other states, and in several cases, where the directions were properly observed, the results have proved most satisfactory. Mr. SAMUEL D. LINCOLN, lately in New York, has been appointed Agent for the Counties of Lincoln, and MR. ELIZABETH ROBINSON of Vassalboro'